

harmless

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Summary: they had taken everything from him, now he was taking revenge

1. suffering

His name was hiccup horrendous haddock the third and he was a failure, always had been, too small, too weak, and too powerless, they thought he was harmless. They would always think this nothing would change their minds, but oddly he was okay with this. It meant he was free to do as he pleased knowing that he would never have any bearing on anyone, they just considered a burden to them anyway. It's just the way things were, it was his place.

Then one night he became more he had met someone, well something, that had seen him, noticed him, and respected him, his friend. But fear has a way of changing people, and tainting the hearts of men, their greed and envy feeds hatred, their vanity demands of them glory no matter the cost and his problems started as is all too often with a girl.

She had followed him, he would say she betrayed him but for that to be true she would have had to recognize him as a person, and to her he wasn't. She brought men to take them, she had his friend killed to feed her own vainglorious ambition. He saw the look on her face as they executed his best friend, satisfaction, pride, and is that guilt? She felt guilty, no it's a lie he had trusted people before and never again.

But as he thought that nothing could get worse, he forgot the nature of pain, misery loves company. It was a dull bleak morning when he came downstairs in him and his fathers' hut in Berk. He was greeted with the faces of not only his father but also of many of the village's warriors, he knew exactly what came next, exile.

He simply nodded and walked wordlessly out of the hut, when he did he

was met with a mob, the friends and family of all those who had been lost in dragon raids over the years. They shouted things at him, to them he was a monster, a demon, and in their eyes he was responsible for every death ever incurred by the dragons all for an act of mercy. The farther he walked into the city the more frenzied the crowd became, they shouted threats and hatred, but he cared not, he deserved it. He had failed, failed to save his only friend from the true monsters, the ones that reside in the hearts of men.

Suddenly something struck his face, he didn't know what hit him but he reached up to feel his face, blood ran from his left eye, maybe his pain would sate them. But he would not defend himself he understood that he was as good as dead and that there would be no one to save him this time, he was already dead his body just didn't know it yet, even if his mind and heart did.

As hiccup boarded the small vessel that would serve as his ferry to exile he remained as stoic as his father's name, he had long since drown out the shouts of hatred and anger and heard nothing. He did hear however something, it was small and pathetic maybe that was why he heard it over the others, he identified with it. He allowed his eyes to drift upward, slowly scanning over the crowd until he found it.

The pathetic noise had come from a blonde haired woman that he had once adored every feature of. Now those gentle features were a beacon to him, a beacon of hatred, of the cruelty of man, and most of all it was a beacon of the future. In that moment he decided that he would not die, that this night would not see the end of him, he would have vengeance for a thousand wrongs done to him by the hand of man, and more so he would have vengeance for a fallen friend.

As he stood on the ship ready to depart the skies began to send the winds into a flurry, howling in the air. The seas lapped viciously at the boat threatening to capsize it before it even made it to open sea, but the chief's word was law and his vessel would be delayed no longer. His father stepped forward silencing the crowd "Hiccup horrendous haddock the third you are no longer welcome on the island of Berk, for your crimes against our people, you have been sentenced to exile, do you have anything to say in your defense"

Hiccup simply remained silent as the storm grew fore furious that it had been denied its bounty for so long, instead he walked over to the only line tying him to everything he knew in this world and wordlessly untied it before taking control the ships sheet lines and venturing out to sea.

As his ship grew a couple hundred meters out from the port all of Berk watched as the wretch of a demon died when his ship was struck by lightning, sending the burning remnants to the bottom of the sea but the son of man is not so easily vanquished.

2. the way forward

Seven years have come to pass and another son of man has paved the way forward, his training has been relentless, not a waking moment was not spent working towards his goals. He was a master of swordplay, an unparalleled captain and sailor, the men under his command both feared and respected him and he was one of the only

people who could claim the title of dragon night, he was ready but it was not time yet, pride comes before the fall as they say.

Yes he wanted it he wanted it more than anything but if there was one thing his mentor had taught him it was patience. it was how he had made his first kill, how he had learned to tame the seas, and it was how he had learned to turn his mind into the most dangerous weapon that a man could wield, nothing was more important at this point than to be patient, so he would wait.

As he continued to train, the sweat began to roll down his body in waves as the water moved across his body, it traced the extensive scars along his body. Each scar held a lesson, they were a reminder of the past, a reminder of a time when he was weak, when he was naive. His scars were his legacy, they symbolized his resolve, his hatred, his potential, and most of all his future.

He heard the clack of boots enter his domain so he turned to see who it was, he immediately dropped to bended knee upon seeing who it was. "Stand Harm, there is a situation that requires your attention" said the man.

"What do you require of me, father" Harm said rising to his feet.

Smiling at his prodigy the man said "one of our allies, the berserkers, have decided that they no longer required our guiding hand and that they would carry out their own plans as opposed to waiting as they were instructed" he said pacing circles around his son to observe him, his muscles were tightening, his shoulder pulled taught, he was angry, good the man smiled to himself "you are to eliminate these traitors, for as valuable as an asset they would have been they are now a liability"

"With pleasure father, I shall teach them that no one crosses Drago Bloodfist" Harm said with elation.

"This day you prove yourself my son, this day you become Harm Bloodfist in both name and right" Drago said to his son "this day is the first day of the rest of your life, my son" Drago said patting his son on the shoulder "now you must away, the time is nigh, dispatch them so we may move forward"

"Yes father, I shall leave immediately" said Harm grabbing his floor length green duster with one sleeve and his broadsword cutlass.

With no small amount of pride he says to his son "I await your return, my son, take one of our ships and a crew, and raze the village to the ground. Leave one alive to tell the tale, teach the world why no one crosses Harm Bloodfist" he says leaving the room.

Harm walks over to his standing display and removes his helmet from the armor stand it is simple steel half a dark crimson and half silver with only one eyehole, that's all he needs. Donning the helmet he makes for the port.

Three days later Harm could finally see the island village of the berserkers on the horizon, he would be there by nightfall. He couldn't help but remember the first time that he had laid eyes upon

the city, it was much larger than Berk was and its people the same, all of them hulking Vikings and great warriors, that was four years ago, right after Drago had rescued him from that wretched island.

He hated small islands, all because of his island, the island that he had survived on for three years. He thought so many times that he was going to die on that island, but the island was not a sword, it was a chisel, as opposed to destroying him it had broken away the parts of him that were holding him back, that made him weak, that made him human. He was not human, not anymore, he was more than any human could ever hope to be.

He remembered the first day he got to the island, he was sure that he was already dead and this island was a cruel punishment from the gods. But he was wrong that island had not been a punishment but a gift, he was carried there on the back of a mighty scaldron, the dragon had saved him, once more proof that dragons may have been beasts but men were the real monsters.

He cursed Odin, Thor and any other god he could think of at the time for abandoning him but he later realized that they had not taken from him but given unto him the power to survive the world of man. So he survived, he refused to die, refused to give up, he couldn't yet surrender he still had a promise to fulfill, his destiny was his vengeance and nothing would stop him, not the island, not the raiders, and not even all of Berk.

As he approached the island he shouted to his crew "ready portside cannons" then with a violent jerk of the helmsman's wheel he banked his ship hard to the left bringing his right broadside to face the village and then yelled "fire"

The thunderous roar of the cannons could be heard for miles, he loved this ship he had dubbed it "the night's fury" in ode to a fallen friend, it hosted sixty-seven broadside cannons and nine chase cannons on the bow and nine sails between the tops, galleons and royals and an iron side frame. As a man who had been powerless most of his life he appreciated power in ways that others could not, that was why he mandated a ship so unstoppable for his flagship.

As Harm laid waste to the village of the berserkers he felt no remorse, these were his enemies and they needed to be destroyed. Those who kill truly learn the value of a life and Harm knew this value but they had betrayed him and his father, they had brought this upon themselves, their lives had no value.

"Cease fire" Harm yelled over the roar of the cannons "Mr. Garret, take the helm".

As his helmsman took the ship's helm Harm moved to the bow of the ship and told his crew "helmsman bring us in, gunners ready chase cannons, fire at will" his crew shouted in acknowledgement of its captain's orders and the chase cannons were ablaze with earth shattering blasts as the ship banked to the right and headed straight for the island. "Run her aground" he shouted to Garret

"Aye sir" he responds "loose tops, royals and galleons. Full speed, captain's orders" he yells at the crew.

"Brace" Harm yells as his crew finds something solid to hold

onto.

The night's fury slammed thru the harbor and docks crushing them under its massive iron hull workers still inside. "Men, with me" he yells jumping off the bow of the ship, landing and planting one hand on the ground and drawing his sword midair.

Harm and his men make his way methodically through the streets, slaying all in their path until they stand at the great longhouse in the center of the village. With a massive kick Harm sunders the door from its hinges sending it flying across the room and crushing the last few remaining warriors under its weight. The only remaining souls in this village are a large man named Alvin the treacherous, and a blonde girl with an axe.

As Harm walks farther into the hall Alvin cowers behind the young warrior girl. Harm smirks under his helmet and says "I never would have taken the chief of the might berserkers to be a coward Alvin"

The girl steps firmly in between the two of them and says "I am Astrid of Berk, and it is my duty as a warrior of my people to stop you"

Harm laughs hysterically at her for a few moments before calming himself, taking a deep breath he says "and why is that princess"

Astrid looks at him quizzically for a moment before saying "the berserkers are our allies"

Harm laughs again "oh that's rich, no they were my allies"

Astrid continues glaring at him "you murdered them, I don't know exactly what your definition of allies is but if that's how you treat your allies I hate to see your enemies"

"You don't know the half of it" he scoffs "regardless, they betrayed me so they had to die"

"They are still our allies" she barks at him

"There's none of them left alive to be your allies" he laughs at her "leave while you can" he says turning into a growl at the end making his men recoil from him, they knew just how dangerous he could be.

She pulls out her axe and begins swing madly at him but her strikes never find her mark, he either simply moves out of the way or deflects with his sword. Eventually he tires of her and as she swings he counters her axe blade sending it sailing through the air before spinning on his heel and kicking her in the stomach as she followed her axe's lead and crashed into a table that broke as the force of her spine hitting it with such force was too much for it to bear.

Astrid winced as Harm stepped on her wrist, she looked up to see the blade of his sword "just do it" she says dejectedly.

"Not so fast Astrid of Berk" he smirks "I need you to live, to tell

the tale, this is what happens when you cross Harm Bloodfist" he says as he steps off of her wrist and makes his way to Alvin, who is desperately begging for his life. His pleas go unheard and are soon silenced as harm slashes his sword across the man's neck, and his body falls limply to the floor. "Make ready to leave men, were done here" he days turning and leaving the hall and a bruised and shaken Astrid behind..

3. long nights

Back on the island of Berk, all was not well Snotlout had been made chief almost 2 years ago and he was not faring well he was still brash, impulsive, selfish and naÃ-ve but he was the only candidate, he was the old chief's nephew and after hiccup, stoic the vast refused to have another son, he would be the end of his line nor could he hold himself together forever.

Stoic had known great physical pain and even lost his wife in a dragon raid, but the thought that he had sentenced his own son to death and that he had died hating him was too much for the old warrior to bear, he slowly spiraled downward until one day he simply refused to leave his house, no one had seen or heard from stoic the vast in 2 years, not even Gobber.

The village was also feeling the weight of its decision, Gobber had been injured and lost his other hand in a dragon raid almost six months ago, and now the Viking town was without a blacksmith to fight the winged devils. Their greatest warrior was but a shadow of his former self, their chief was a danger to himself and the entire village, and the only one capable of leading them was a young blonde girl that was constantly away on some form of official business or another.

Snotlout had sent Astrid on a diplomatic mission to the village of berserker to secure allies but that had been a disaster. He had hoped for answers but all he got was more questions, who or what was this harm character, was he a threat or an ally, why and how did the berserker betray this man, why had he allowed Astrid to live when he had her dead to rights, what did the berserker being eliminated so easily mean for Berk and where had he heard the name Bloodfist before? All questions, no answers he thought being chief would be easy but there was so much that he didn't know it would entail, and needed a drink.

Snotlout turned to his chief advisor, his old friend Fishlegs and said "Dude, what am I supposed to do"

Fishlegs turned to him and said "we've faced bad situations before, don't worry we'll get through this" trying to cheer his friend up he offers him a mug, Snotlout takes it and the two drink into the early morning, forgetting their troubles, for now at least.

Snotlout however was not the only one to have trouble coping with these new developments. Astrid has had many a sleepless night after all the things she had seen over the last few years, many battles hard fought, many friends lost to pointless conflicts, and many that had died by her hand, so she did not shake easily. But this man, this Harm, he was something else entirely, he was cruel and merciless, powerful beyond measure, and most of all malevolent.

His ship had come from nowhere and laid waste to the entire village of the berserkers in moments, men women and children with impartiality. He had sundered all defenses placed before him as though they never existed, and he had executed Alvin the treacherous in cold blood after he had surrendered then disappeared as quickly as he'd come leaving only death and destruction in his wake, he was a true monster.

For her skill with an axe and prowess as a warrior, she had found herself helpless at his hands, he had not just over powered her, he obviously had the strength to but he had defeated her with finesse. One thing was sure, if Berk was to survive in a world where monsters like this existed, it would need to become stronger. Not just the warriors but the village itself, the buildings sturdier, the crops protected, and the people hidden, they could not defeat this monster but they could at least try to outlast him with that in mind she began to make plans for what the village would need to be to survive this ordeal, if only she had someone who was better with plans than with an axe.

If only she had hiccup, he was tiny and weak but he was brilliant no doubt, beyond crazy with some of his plans but brilliant none the less. She had no doubt that if the people of Berk needed him he would find a way to help them, he might screw up a couple of times, but he wouldn't give up, but no they had killed him, she had killed him.

It was not often found the topic that could the mighty Astrid of Berk to break down but he was it. She had always resented him, he was weak and intelligent, gentle and compassionate, and everything a Viking shouldn't be. He could always find a way to make her smile, even at the cost of his own pain, he tried to help everyone, he didn't judge, didn't mock, and didn't give up.

She always thought him pathetic but she could sure use some of his strength, even an ounce of that weak pathetic failure's hope would carry them through this but no she couldn't keep her mouth shut. Why? Because she was jealous, jealous of his smile, of his heart that lead him through the darkness, of peculiar way of being able to think his way out of any situation, and mostly of the one thing that she had taken from him the day she sentenced him to death, his hope, she could really use that right now.

But Astrid didn't have any of that, so she found her answers elsewhere these days, at the bottom of a bottle to be specific. No she didn't think that hiccup would be happy to see her like this, but she needed this, with each memory she drowned she numbed the weight of her sins just a little bit more. But Astrid was not suffering alone, and she knew this, so this night like many others before it she would go, she would go to the old grotto where hiccup had kept his dragon, the night fury, the one he called toothless and she would leave hiccups dagger on her doorstep.

She left it there so that he would know, know that she needed someone, that he wasn't alone, and that she hadn't forgotten. Leaving the dagger in its sheath she pulled it from her waist satchel and left it and stole into the forest under the cover of darkness, but she was not alone, never alone.

4. into the night

Astrid made her way to the grotto and waited, she knew that he would be here just a matter of when, she didn't have to wait long. She soon heard rustling in the bushes, she knew who it would be, the only one that understood her, the other one responsible for the death of hiccup, his father stoic the vast. "It's been a while, I was beginning to think you'd forgotten about me" he says. His voice is tired and rough, it breaks her heart to hear him like this, she always remembered his voice being a booming thunder even when he didn't have to be, now she strained her ears to hear the once proud man's words.

"I'm sorry" she says avoiding eye contact "I got caught up in some things"

He huffs and walks past her his massive shoulders knocking a tree branch out of the way. "No business of mine" he says before asking "so, what's on your mind"

"I had some questions I wanted to ask, but mostly I needed to talk" she says with a sigh.

Stoic moves past her before taking a seat on a large rock, a rock she knew all too well, it was the rock she sat on just before she exposed his secret to everyone he knew and had his best friend murdered before sentencing him to death. Great, he couldn't pick any other spot could he? He patted the rock next to him for her to join him.

Astrid begrudgingly made her way over to the massive man "so what did you want to know" he asks. Astrid sigh as she looks into his deep green eyes, the eyes that reminded her of hiccup, even in death she would never escape that look. the one that he used to give her, the one that used to make her feel alright even when everything was collapsing around them, the one that now only made her feel pain. She sighs again "mind if we just talk first?" she asks hopefully.

He puts one of his great hands on her shoulder, and gives her a smile. That smile, the same one he used to wear, the one that could warm a person's heart, the one she would never see hiccup wear again. Astrid feels tears begin to well up in her eyes but no she refuses to cry, never again she promised herself and she's come so close to breaking it so many times but she has held strong, what's one more night. "Whenever you're ready, I'll be here" he says

And so they wait, she wants to find the right words, but they never come, so instead she cracks, she breaks down crying, she breaks the promise that she made to herself so many years ago and she cries. Stoic throws his enormous brown cloak around her and says "it's all right dear, I know, I know"

In between sobs she breaks out "no" more crying "I, I, I" she can't breathe "hiccup" before being unable to form another full word, but he gets the message.

Stoic takes off his cloak and places it around her shoulders, as he does she looks up at him still sniveling nose and swollen puffy red eyes from her tears. He stands and walks away from her motioning for her to follow. He leads her to a small cave inside of which is a

small light, as she draws near she feels the temperature in the cave rise to a sweltering heat, what is this place she asks as she enters a chamber in the cave she sees the large man hunched over something on a table on the far end of the room "come closer, I have something I want you to see" he says to her

She moves to stand next to stoic and what he's hunched over astounds her. "I found it four years ago, I think it's Odin's way of testing me, he wants to see if I changed" he says motioning to the thing on the counter "so what do you think, have I changed or not"

Astrid for her part is still trying to find words to explain exactly what is going on here. Yes that's stoic the vast, yes that is a dragon, but he's not killing it he's taking care of it, nurturing it? Now she was confused "but I don't" she stumbles over her words "but that's a" he nods at her "but how did you" she is just awestruck "but why?" she shouts.

"Not so loud, you're gonna scare him" he says "shh, it's alright little one, I got ya, papa's here" he says bouncing it up and down in his hands. This did not compute, here was stoic the vast playing nurse maid to a BABY NIGHTFURY, this was wrong on so many levels.

"What is that doing here" she says in a hushed shout.

"It's a he not a that first off" he says matter-of-factly "and he's here because I saved him"

"Saved him, why" she says astonished

"I had to, after I killed the only family he had" he says solemnly

Suddenly a light goes off in her head, the dragon, hiccup's dragon, toothless "well" she says swallowing a lump in her throat and placing one of her dainty hands on his powerful shoulders "I'm sure where ever he is, hiccup appreciates what you're doing for the little guy" coddling the dragon. He looks at her, she had never noticed but he looked so much older than he had all those years ago, before everything spiraled out of control.

Stoic the vast was on the verge of tears, not a common sight for a man of his stature and reputation, but he was "I'm hoping you're right lass, I'm hoping you're right".

5. the mind of a killer

Harm laid sunbathing on a large rock next to firefly, a deadly nadder that he had grown quite fond of. His father had initially written off the firefly for being the runt of the litter, but harm knew better and begged his father to allow him to tame him. His father saw no harm in allowing his son to tame the beast but soon came to understand that he had underestimated firefly's potential.

He was smaller true but his small size allowed him to be swifter than any other nadder than he had ever seen, the beast was nimble and his fire burned hotter than most. Harm had rambled off some nonsense of why it was hotter, something about same fire in a smaller space, and

whatever a compression rate was apparently firefly had an impressive one. The two of them were neigh inseparable never seen one without the other since that day.

There was another member of their group that was always chasing after harm, one that would appear out of nowhere and run off on a moment's notice for no discernable reason. One that was currently sprawled out on firefly's back, an energetic enigma covered in blonde curls and spouting the most random things her name was Camicazi, Cami for short.

Harm had met her during his second year on the island, she never explained about how she came to be there but did say that she was originally of the bog thieves. It was a rare moment to see her so peaceful, splayed out as she was one could tell several things about her. First off she was short, say that to her face and leave with bumps, bruises and maybe a bite-mark or two. The next thing was her eyes, she had vibrant azure pools for iris' that took up most of her eyes. And finally one could see scars, scars of tales that only harm knew, he liked it that she told him no they weren't pretty stories but that she trusted him and no one else with them meant a lot to him.

Drago was hesitant to accept Cami as a member of his hoard but harm was too valuable to of a find to squander over some mop top midget of a girl so he had allowed it, if the boy wished his plaything so be it, so long as he trained his dragons the boy could have whatever he fancied. There were some rather, for lack of a better word racy rumors going about regarding the two of them, which when brought to her attention usually ended in the offending part being beaten with a blunt object. Harm took no such offense to such things, as little as he would tolerate disrespect he found the idea kind of funny really.

True they were together more often than not, but she was special, not the kind of special you take home to mom but the kind that becomes your best friend. The kind that's always by your side and has your back, but romance? No.

As these thoughts plagued harm Cami was plagued by similar thoughts, these rumors about the two of them were starting to get to her, not that she couldn't appreciate the art of making others slightly miserable but because in all honesty she really wished they were true. Yeah she had always distrusted men but harm was different, he was stronger than anyone she had ever known, he had a mischievous streak a mile wide, and he had the courage of a thousand warriors.

Thor she must sound like the stereotypical, love sick puppy of a handmaiden, he didn't see her like that and she knew it. All the women of the village swooned over him shamelessly, and resented her because of how close he was to her. She knew that this was how it would always be their personalities and strength being like ice and fire, his was always leaps and bounds ahead of her with her constantly chasing him.

They had been through so much together, she knew she was brash and impulsive while he could work out a plan in his head in seconds and it would work flawlessly every time. She talked to distract her opponents and he stayed silent to unnerve them. She wore rag tag

armor meant to be flashy and intimidating, while his was meant to remain unseen until he chose otherwise. She had survived the island because of him, there were countless perils and she would rush headlong into them while he would figure out a way to actually deal with it.

She could never understand how he remained so calm in dire situations, her mother had always taught her that in a battle you used your anger as a weapon, but he was the best there ever was and he kept his in check as if afraid of what would happen if he cut loose, come to think of it so was she. How strong was he anyway? He was strong no doubt but did he have limits? Everyone else did but he was different, even after years of training he was still making progress, usually by now a normal person would have hit their peak but not him. Again with the hero worship, she seriously had to stop doing that.

She felt firefly stir under her, she looked and saw his head was raised to look at something, curious herself she looked too. Wait, where did harm go? "Great" she sighed, "he ditched me, again" she rolled over onto her stomach and moved into firefly's saddle "alright boy, let's go find him" firefly squawked happily in response before taking to the skies.

Little did she know that harm just wanted some time to himself, as much as he liked his friends company he just needed some space. So he watched in silence as the two of them flew off into the horizon from his hiding spot just a few meters from where they had lay a few minutes ago. He started walking through the forest which soon turned into a run then with a powerful push he launched himself into the tree tops and began to jump from branch to branch. Why? He blamed too much free time as a kid.

He arrived on the edge of a large chasm, there was something down there, Drago had once told him so. At the time he was so awestruck by the great fissure called the everfalls that he hadn't even noticed, but now was different. He could hear its breath, he could sense its presence and feel its heartbeat, whatever it was it was massive and powerful. He so often wondered about what lost creature could not only survive but resided in such a place.

He often came here to think, hoping that in some way that whatever was at the bottom of the everfalls would give him some of the wisdom that it must have from such a long life but this was fallacy. If there was one thing that he had learned from life it was that he would have to learn this on his own the old fashion way, through pain, he would have to face these things on his own.

6. the guard captian

Harm stood on the edge of the chasm waiting, some days he hoped that he would just wake up in his bed, not the life he had now but his old life. Before his exile, before the storm, before the island, before his world shattered into a million pieces. But then there were days like this, the days where he was glad for his new life, a simple life with people who accepted him, who would fight by his side and stay with him unto death, something no one in Berk had even considered.

Harm stood and walked away from the chasm, he wondered if the creature had somehow heard his request and bequeathed him some of its wisdom, the wisdom to not lament over that what was lost and to enjoy what one had. He silently thanked the beast for perspective on life and made for the village.

Upon his arrival he was greeted by Merci, the guard captain, she was always on his case about something but she always had his best interest at heart so she was one of the few people who he let harp on him, she was kind of like the mother he never had. "And where have you been?" she accused as he strode through the gate.

He let off his signature crooked smile and said "oh, ya know, just kind of wandering" he said hopefully.

No dice "oh really" she said skeptically "and you wouldn't happen to have wandered to the everfalls" she said raising an eyebrow and crossing her arms.

He let out a kind of dry half chuckle, busted "I may have wandered by it at some point"

"Really" she deadpanned giving him her classic, are you kidding me look.

He let out a sigh, he knew the jig was up "I just needed to think" he said in defeat

"So the best place to think is right next to a giant hole in the ground that holds an ancient and powerful monster?" she asks.

"It just kind of puts things in perspective ya know" he asks

She lets out a deep sigh as her expression softens "harm I know you've got a lot on your mind and rightly so but you need to think about those around you, you have people that care about you like Kami and me" she said putting a hand on his shoulder and looking into his eyes "we worry about you, we know you don't need protection but we still worry"

Harm looked away from her, great now he felt like an ass "I know, and I shouldn't have taken off like that but sometimes, I just need my space it's not a big deal, I can take care of myself.

She pinched the bridge of her nose her red hair falling over face as she tilted her head forward saying "you may be strong, but you're still young and I don't want to see anything happen to you because you decided it was a good time to be reckless"

He looked at his boots as if they were suddenly more interesting than anything he had ever seen "I'm sorry okay can we just drop this for now"

She looked at him and sighed "alright, but don't expect Kami to be as forgiving as me" she said with a smirk.

Great, he totally forgot about her, she was gonna be pissed. With a sigh he continued on his way hoping to not have to explain but he would have no such luck this day

7. lost

As harm neared the door to his house he suddenly found himself flat on his back, he winced as he hit the ground. When he opened his eyes he was looking up at a mess of blonde curls, with a sigh he looked up to find Cami sitting on his chest with her knees pinning his shoulders to the ground. "you ditched me" she said accusingly.

"yeah, so not like you have to be with me all the time, sometimes I need time by myself" he replied looking up at her.

She crinkled her nose and furrowed her brow looking down at him "you. Ditched me." She said again.

"Yes, yes I did now mind getting off my chest?" he asked in a bored tone.

"Why should I" she said turning her nose up and crossing her arms over her chest

Okay, if she was going to be like that then he was going to play dirty "because despite the mobility advantage, your armor had one flaw" he said smirking

"Oh yeah" she asked mockingly "and what is that"

With a straight face he deadpanned "from down here I can see up your skirt"

She looked down at him quizzically as took her a second to process this but once she did her reaction was worth the wait. She jumped backward, falling off of him into an ungraceful mound of flustered teenager and curly hair. "You jerk" she yelled at him as he rolled on the ground laughing so hard that he couldn't breathe.

"You asked for it" he gasped through labored fits of hysterics

"Are you sure your harm and not Loki" she asked still miffed at him.

Getting up and dusting himself off he walked up leaning down to her level saying "aww, don't be like that" ruffling her hair.

She always loved it when he did that, it made her feel like a little girl again. She of course would never say this and instead pretended to be angry every time but he seemed to see through it and gave her a knowing smile as she complained and swatted his hands away.

Firefly came flying down from the clouds and began licking harm furiously as he landed. "Yeah, I get it you, you missed me" said harm pushing the dragon off of him.

As he moved away from firefly and towards his door Cami was right on his heels and followed him straight inside and plopped down on his couch. This wasn't abnormal, hell she spent a good majority of her night on his couch always claiming that she was too tired to walk home but he always thought it was because she didn't like to be alone, Harm didn't know the half of it.

Flashback

_ The storm outside raged on as though to wipe the small island off the map, the hollowed out tree she was using as shelter shook violently from the gale force winds. Suddenly there was the crack of thunder, her little hovel, the only place in the world she could call her own was sundered in two leaving falling debris crashing down around her._

_ She was trapped under a huge chunk of tree, it was crushing her. She had no escape she was going to die on that godforsaken island. But then came the unlikeliest of people, a scrawny little stick of a boy. He was no more than ten and not an ounce of muscle on him but somehow he found it in him to lift the massive tree trunk off of her, adrenalin is really something._

_ He grabbed her and dragged her from under it while holding it up on his back, the fact that it didn't crush him was unfathomable, but now here he was this shrimp of a kid saving her, trained since birth to be a monarch. What had the world come to, then as they sat in the pouring rain she thought about him, this was the first person she'd seen in _

_ She had thanked him but other than that they hadn't said two words to each other finally she looked over at him "I'm Camicazi, but people call me Cami"._

_ He looked at her with a sad smile "I don't have a name, not anymore" he said in a dead voice._

_End flashback _

As the fire crackled on the fireplace Cami fell into sleeps comforting embrace, knowing that the man who saved her was close at hand.

8. early mornings

Harm didn't sleep well, never did since he was young, probably something to do with the fact that dragon raids in Berk always happened at night. As he stayed up most night he had a lot of time to himself, usually he'd send this tie training, or enhancing his equipment but you can only go over every inch of armor so many times before it stops being meticulous and subverts to melancholy. Tonight was one of those nights, nothing would sate his mind and it wandered aimlessly, he thought of all the things that life had taken from him.

First was his mother, he never knew much about her and the things he did remember were fuzzy at best but he would always remember one thing her smile. He remembered, or at least thought he did, that she had the warmest smile that would brighten up a room the second she entered. But she had been taken from him in a dragon age when he was just a babe, it never hurt him much. His father was a different, from what he understood his father was a completely different man when his mother was still alive.

The next thing he thought of was his innocence while he was a Viking

even the mightiest of Vikings were born into this world small and helpless like the rest of them. What was different about Vikings was that they never got to be children, from the time they could walk they were trapped in an endless circle of violence. Because the ancestors were too proud or stubborn or maybe just stupid to move everyone he had known as a child had been hardened in the flames of war against the dragons, truly lamentable creatures Vikings were.

This led him to the next thing Berk had taken from him, his only friend. The people of Berk always saw and treated him as a burden and inevitably the children mimicked their parents and grew a hatred of him for no reason. But then he met toothless, he was the first one ever to look past his meek exterior and see him for who he was. They spent every available moment together laughing and goofing off with the not a care in the world, but that had been ruined.

The one person he had been dumb enough to fall in love with in his stupid and childish bout of lovesickness had been the one to destroy his entire world. That was another thing that he had lost, hope one person can only be stepped on so many times before they just don't care anymore and Astrid Hofferson had been the final one to place a boot upon his soul.

He had lost his father long before he even began to know him or who he was, but after Astrid he had lost one thing that just broke him, his home. To be granted the house was never much of a home to begin with, but that didn't make it any easier to be tossed away like unwanted refuse. As much as he and his father never saw eye to eye that house had been all he had ever known and he was cast out without so much as a second thought.

But for as much as had been taken from him he was grateful for the boons granted, as he drifted away from Berk in the storm he had no longer cared if he lived or died and wound up on a Thor forsaken island on the back of a dragon. Perhaps the dragon had saved him because it could still feel the warmth of dragon fire about him, maybe it felt pity for him not wholly unlikely as dragons have kinder hearts than men.

He wondered at first if the gods were simply content to make him suffer because he had communion with dragons and thought death to easy a punishment. That thought was not by any means a passing query, true enough he still wondered that to this day on occasion. But while at first it had consumed him when he thought of it now he soon found the notion ridiculous, look at all that he now had. When he was in Berk he was looked at with disdain without reason, here he commanded reverence everyone knew his name and respected him for his skills and his reputation.

But despite all this he could never shake the pain of his hatred that like so many before him had poisoned his soul and it made him different from those around him. He was feared by those who opposed his master make no mistake he was a weapon and he knew it, he understood that Drago had saved him not out of pity or charity but because he knew the boy he rescued from that island would give him power. While he knew that he was Drago's weapon he also knew that he had a life of his own, and Drago would allow him to pursue his personal goals.

But in the wee hours of the morning he finally succumbed to sleep and silently thanked the gods that had made his life so hard that allowed him to come to where he was now.

[authors note: I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank all of you for taking your time to read this, I'm having a lot of fun writing this story and to apologize to those that have been leaving reviews that I haven't been able to reply to but I've been so swamped with work recently and I just want you to know that I appreciate all of you and I'm sorry that I do read every review I receive and it means a lot that you would take time out of your day to write to me and thank you for your support and encouragement]

9. convictions

Harm was never a morning person, mostly due to his lack of sleeping but today was unusual, he was up before the sun. These days were rare but not unheard of and more so he feared. On mornings like these Harm was known to be temperamental, very few people knew why but they all knew if he was seen before mid-day that it was best to leave the young warrior be.

One such person who knew these thing was Merci she was the one person that Harm could talk to, even when he didn't want to, he knew talking helped. As he roamed the streets people made sure to stay well clear of him as he proceeded towards Drago's compound. His father had a mission for him and when it came to his father he always aimed to please, he would not fail him as long as he drew breath.

Merci was waiting outside the compound and greeted him, his response was an unfriendly huff in her direction. She looked at him and raised an eyebrow "wanna talk about it?" she asked

"No, I just want to complete my mission" he snapped back at her

"You know that it'll help" she offered

"I know but right now I just don't care" he replied shortly "if I've got a mission I'll have plenty of chances to take out my anger"

"Well, I'll be here if you change your mind, remember hatred is like poison if you keep it to yourself it will only hurt you" she sighs

"Don't worry" he smirks, "I plan on spreading my hatred all over this mission"

"HARM" she snaps

"Maybe later, for now I've got a mission" he says as he enters Drago's chamber.

Inside the chamber was poorly lit as always, just a few dull candles that adorned the walls inside sat Drago meditating on the floor. Harm bowed as Drago stood and turned to face him "raise your head my son"

Harm did as he was told, and looked to his father "you wished to see

me father" he says

Drago begins pacing circles around Harm who remains statuesque as Drago replies "yes, the time is upon us my son tonight we go to war" he said pausing to observe Harm's response. Nothing, the boy had the patience of a monk and his body showed no response, inside however he was a hurricane of anticipation. Drago, satisfied with his response continues, "You have served me well but now your final test is upon you. The time is nigh bring me the axe of my oldest foe, stoic the vast"

Harm remained silent, afraid his voice would betray the ears of conviction before he bowed to Drago and turned to leave. Drago had no knowledge of his past, only that he had been exiled, had a deep hatred of Berk and was born of the dragon's kinship, the unique ability to command dragons. He would never know that he had just sent him to kill someone that he had once held dear, Harm was a hardened warrior but nothing ever prepares you to kill someone who had once meant the world to you.

Outside of Drago's sanctum merci stood, still waiting to give Harm an earful for blowing her off earlier. As he exited she could feel that something was different, and all of her anger fell from her immediately and she grabbed him by the shoulder. "Harm, what happened?" she asked a mixture of concern and horror in her voice, she had never seen anything phase him in such a way.

"I got my mission" he says devoid of emotion trying to hide the slight crack in his voice, but nothing escaped her notice when it came to him. For as few people knew him those that did could tell from even the slightest change, a slight inflection in his voice that for most people would have been insignificant meant that he was in turmoil internally.

"Harm" she said pausing "whatever this is it's causing you pain, pain far beyond what any one person should have to bear alone. I want to help you but I can't do that if you shut me out" she pleaded with him.

"It doesn't matter" he said coldly "I have my orders, now I need to go prepare for my coming battle. Leave me be, I know you care but don't, it will only get you hurt" he said before taking off at a dead sprint before running up a cart and with a powerful jump landing on the roof a building, and like that he was gone.

Harm knew he needed to prepare for his mission but right now his gear and crew could wait, he had to clear his mind so he went to the one place he could do that, the Everfalls. The jungle between the encampment and the Everfalls was harsh and unforgiving of even a single misstep or poor shift of weight but these trees were more family than he had ever had in Berk.

As he neared the everfalls, he saw a woman, she was young and by the way she carried herself prideful. She was beautiful and slender, had he not known better he would not have thought someone of her like as human. She sat on the ground next to the chasm, not moving or speaking just sitting.

He knew everyone from the encampment and she was not of them so drawing his blade he jumped from the trees, read for a fight. But

despite his aggression the fight never came, to be honest he was a little disappointed. The woman did not flinch or even move, she sat statuesquely as she had failed to notice the man with a sword behind her.

Harm approached cautiously with blade still in hand until he could reach out and touch her but still she did not move "OI" he shouted at her

She slowly turned her head to look at him "can I help you" she asked politely.

10. understanding

Harm was not put off by her politeness "who are you" he barked leveling his blade at her

"My name?" she muses playfully "why, I can't remember it's been so long since I've told it to someone that I must have forgotten it.'" She says

A confused harm takes a step backwards dumbfounded before glaring at her "name" he growled at her "now"

She puts her hand to her chin thinking "one second" she says it'll come to me" as he stood blade at the ready "AH, that's right" she says as if to herself "Valka, that was it, sorry it's been a long time since I've talked to another actual person" she replies with a smile.

"What are you doing in my woods" he asked with an edge to his tone.

"Yours?" She asked "and just how do the woods belong to you" she snips back at him crossing her arms over her chest.

"Answer the question" he growls tensing every muscle in his body as he refuses to let his glare relent.

She turns waving her arm towards the chasm "I was just drawn to his place" she says looking into the abyss.

"Well, outsider" he say venomously "this place is off limits to everyone"

"Oh yeah then why are you here" she mocks

"I ask the question's" he growls, "now leave while you still can"

"Oh" she smirks, "and what are you going to do about it"

Harm charges at her with a primordial scream as he does he is slammed from his side by something, something really big and angry. He rolls with it and is thrown several feet through the air and ragdolls across the ground. As he regains his bearings he sees a dragon across from him, none the like of which he has seen before. He takes step to his side and the dragon mimics his action keeping itself firmly between harm and Valka.

He puts his fingers too his lips and lets out a screeching whistle, the dragon cringes slightly but is overall un-phased. Harm takes a step forward and raises his sword, the dragon lowers its head and growls at him as he does. As he does a ball of fire screams down from the sky and broadsides the dragons sending it rolling sideways across the ground.

The dragon scrambles to its feet looking around frantically for the source before spikes began to rain from above lodging themselves into the ground around the dragon. An earsplitting screech pierced the air as firefly plummets downward and lands beside harm while baring its fangs at the other dragon preparing its magnesium fire in its throat.

Then the woman stands up and walks over to the edge of the chasm gaining the attention of all the others who seem to forget their previously held anger and become enthralled with her action. She bows slightly before walking over to her dragon and taking to the skies without a word.

Harm could have chased her but honestly, what was the point. Contented with his solitude he took a seat at the edge of the chasm, but for the life of him could not remember why he had come here in the first place. Regardless he felt relaxed at the quiet solace, he had always loved this place it just felt so alive. Whenever he came here he felt as though the ground could give way under his feet and some monstrous creature might spring from the ground, something from an era long dead that he was still convinced lived at the bottom of the chasm.

Enjoying the silence he rolled onto his side and felt the warm steam that always seeped from the Everfalls heat the air around him. He stayed like this until he fell asleep.

**[authors note: sorry that this took longer than usual but if its not one thing its another and i had to go to a funeral today so I've been feeling drained all week. also a special thank you to reviewer Tiffy, glad to know you like it and understand the conflict inside the character like i tried to portray it despite my terrible grammar an kind of transparent ideas. thank you for reading everyone and i hope you like it. **

R.I.P. Nikki Hale 1943-2014.

11. within the storm

Things in Berk were going to shit really quickly and, as far as Snotlout was concerned it was all Astrid's fault that a psychopath had shown up and slaughtered the berserker tribe while she was there. He constantly belittled her efforts whenever she tried anything saying that she would just fuck it up, like she did in the berserker village. He never missed a chance to sneer at her or blame her whenever anything went wrong, it had been like this for years ever since hiccup had been exiled everyone needed a new scape goat.

Astrid was used to such thing by now but she wondered how hiccup could have put up with this for his entire life, hell she was at her

wits end and he had done it ever since he was a child. It was amazing that he had not swung an axe at someone, or taken a dagger to his wrist, how did he deal with it. He must have been strong beyond reason to be able to put up with this even a child, to have endured such pain. Perhaps that's why he always looked so feeble and downtrodden, he had the weight of the entire village's contempt weighing down on his shoulders.

As she trudged through the streets in the pouring rain a chill ran down her spine. The gale force winds had kept the dragons out of the skies this night for a much needed reprieve for the denizens of Berk but they still needed someone for the night watch and right now Astrid was on the short list. All was quiet through the streets of Berk and honestly, she preferred the chaos and havoc that the dragons wrought. At least during an attack she had something to keep her mind busy unlike tonight, she kept flashing back to the boy in the forest, he was so frail but even then he had thrown himself between her and the dreaded night furry to protect her and what had she done? Thrown him to the wolves of a cruel and unforgiving society.

The scene played through her mind over and over again, each time revealing a little more detail than the last. With each rendition she hated herself more and more, he had protected her then tried to reason with her but pride and anger had made her run and divulge his secret without hesitation. Thor, she had been such an idiot, why was she so consumed with herself as a child, it made no sense. Now she devoted herself to protecting and helping the citizens of Berk but how was she worthy of that title when she couldn't even save one boy.

As small tear rolled down her cheeks, the only way she could discern it from the pouring rain was the small warmth and the pain that something so small held. She shook these thoughts from her head as she heard the all too familiar sound of beating wings in the distance, a sound that could only have one origin. "DRAGONS" she shouted.

[authors note: shorted this week but more introspective, hope you enjoy it]

12. last minuet arrangements

As harm laid by the everfalls sleeping he found himself in a sort of a daze, time seemed to blur as he thought of Berk. He had once lived there but the place had never been what he would call a "home", no a home was a place where you were safe and welcomed but Berk had never served that role. His father had been decent enough, if a bit cold, but that wasn't enough. Fathers are kind, fathers protect you, fathers care about you. So long as he had remained quiet his father was happy, evidence enough of this was the fact that he had often stolen into the wood at daybreak and returned only when he had to work the forge or sleep. For Odin's sake, he had sometimes simply left for days at a time and his father's only concern was that the forge had been overrun with damaged swords and axes.

When harm realized that he also realized he had taken the first step towards hating Berk. It had always been a house but lacked the qualities of a home, he had never known his mother but from what he understood she had been killed in a dragon attack trying to protect

him. His father never said it but harm could feel the resentment his father held for him over his mother's death, he always blamed harm for it.

Harm sighed away these thoughts as he heard the clink of metal armor in the distance, he knew that sound. It was the sound of a man who called himself Sir Artorian, he came from a land far across the sea to the east. He called himself a knight, apparently a title of some renown in his homeland who had once served in the service of a proud king.

Sir Artorian had an unusual armor the likes of which harm had never seen, he called it chain mail. It was made of small interlinked metal rings that made it more akin to cloth than proper armor, and large plate metal armor that covered his chest and shoulders with massive steel boots. He had a broad strait sword that most men would wield with both hands in his left hand and a large metal shield that he called the tower shield.

"Harm, it's time to depart" he said in a gruff voice. All business as usual.

"You're to be accompanying me then?" harm asked indifferently.

"Drago's orders" he replies before turning and going back the way he came.

He used to be so much fun when harm was younger, but as time went on and harm became more seasoned on the battlefield Sir Artorian saw him less as a child and more of a man, and while he appreciated the respect that didn't mean that he had to be professional all the time. Harm didn't need coddling but it would be nice to have a friend that didn't see him only as a fellow warrior. But such was life within dragon's reach one was a warrior first and foremost and Artorian took this farther than anyone.

Regardless, harm made for the port with firefly in tow. Upon arrival he was greeted by Gwyn, an old man that served as the harbor master. He passed him with a small nod of his head without saying a word and made for his ship. Firefly made his way below deck and nestled himself in a corner, he hated it below deck but it set the crew at ease as most of them were of Viking descent and thus naturally weary of dragons. Sir Artorian boarded the vessel and began inspecting the crew and the ships armaments to busy himself before they set sail. Camicazi barged through the crowd in the harbor and pushed past several guardsmen to force her way onto the ship.

"What the hell dude, you were just going to leave and not saying anything" she shouts at harm

"What insolence is this?" barked Sir Artorian at her

"Stuff it you old wind bag I wasn't talking to you" she shouted back.

"How dare you" he scoffs at him.

"Shut it" harm yells over them "both of you" he says glancing from one to the other. "Cami it was an unexpected development alright, Sir

Artorian back to your work"

The knight looks down "as you command Capitan" before heading back to his work

"Fine, but I'm coming with" she says

"No" he replies immediately

"WHY NOT" she complains.

"Because I said so and that's that" he said

She sighs in frustration, "whatever" she says dejectedly

"Now get off the ship, were about to make way" he says

Making her way off the boat she turns "hurry back, okay" she pleads.

As the gangplank falls from the side of the now moving boat he says "I make no promises". And with a wave he's off. As they made way he shouted to his crew "alright men, bring me that horizon" they responded with a cheer as the sails opened catching the wind

13. recollection

Last night's dragon raid had been horrible, they lost five more to the dragons and most of their herd. She was in for some much deserved rest after the night she had, luckily the rain had stopped most of the would be fire damage but that hadn't stopped those damned beast from trying. It had been a trying night but little did she know that it would only get worse when the sun rose.

Just before daybreak harm's ship neared the southern end of the isle of Berk, and laid anchor in an outcropping in the rocks. Once they did, firefly comes up from the pit of the ship and happily chirps to be out in the open air again. Harm dove into the water and began to swim for the shore.

"Capitan, what are your orders" called Sir Artorian after him once he reached the shore.

"Wait here, if I don't return before daybreak tomorrow consider me lost and return to dragon's reach, sir Artorian you are in command while I'm away" he shouted in return

"Understood Capitan" he replies.

Harm walks into the jungle alone even leaving firefly on the beach. Silently moving through the jungle he made his way towards his old haunt, a clearing in the jungle that sunk into a cliff side with a river running through the center. Only one other person knew about this spot and she had no reason to ever return.

He made for the cave he had spent many a night in with his best friend, knowing that no one would be there. As he entered the cave he noticed that nothing had changed, but upon closer inspection he realized that someone had indeed been there recently. How did he

know? The fire had been used recently, as in within the last few hours and something new was present. It was small and quiet but out of the peripheral vision he saw it scamper into a dark corner. Harm turned to investigate and moved closer to the presence, it was agile and dark but he knew that shape, he'd know it anywhere.

Here in his old cave was a night fury, of all the lost creatures that could have possibly been here it was a night fury. He was baffled by the thought, how was this possible no one before him had ever seen one up close, but to care for it? Someone from Berk of all places? This makes no sense what in Thor's name was going on here. He had to get out now, if someone else was staying in his hovel then it wasn't safe. Anger welled in his chest, even in death he could not find solace, apparently no respect for the dead.

To be fair why would they respect his death? They never respected him in life so death should be no different but the idea that nothing was sacred anymore just infuriated him again. He however had no time to dwell on such things, the caves new resident may return at any moment and he could not be here when they did so he opted for making a break from the cavern and quickly climbing up the side of cliff face. He was curious and while he could not directly talk to the cave's new owner he had to wait for nightfall anyway so he decided he would wait and observe the new denizen of the cave.

Hours passed with no sign of movement save for the night fury pup occasionally making its way outside to play by the stream. With nightfall soon approaching harm continued to watch but was quickly becoming bored with the idea but still mildly curious when he heard rustling in the distance, someone was coming. Moving slightly forward out of the brush to see better he sees a large hooded figure enter the clearing and begin moving towards the cave.

As the figure enters the cave harm begins to inch closer until he is just at the edge of the clearing, his instinct tells him to leave but his body moves of its own accord and kept moving forward. Silently creeping forward he makes his way inside the cave to get a better view.

When he heard "aw who's a good boy" in a deep gruff voice from within the cave. He silently peeked around the corner to get a better view and what he saw he foundâ€¦ shocking to say the least. Here in his hovel playing with a baby night furry was stoic the vast, a mighty slayer of dragons and men alike as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

Harm's mind was reeling from this, his fractured psyche must be playing tricks on him or some form of nostalgia over his sentimental attachment to this place had driven him mad. When he couldn't take it anymore and felt himself slipping he ran, far and fast not caring where he ended up.

[authors note: sorry it took so long to get this up but not really had a lot of time to write lately]

14. all in your head

when he finally ran out of breath he put one hand on a tree for support as he doubled over as bile spewed from his mouth, "this is

good he thought to himself" as he spit up blood and black tar, it just had to be some type of poison, it must be constricting his veins causing him to have trouble breathing and his body must be rejecting it, the accursed vikings and their debauchery. the next thought he had was that it must be dulling his senses because he never even heard her come up behind him.

* * *

><p>Astrid had had enough that idiotic chief of theirs, this was the final straw and no way in hell was she going to listen, her marry him yeah not fucking happening, as she raged silently and kicked over any rock that had the misfortune of being on the path she was walking like it was his fat stupid head she saw a guy in the forest. he was leaning against a tree and throwing up violently, while she wasn't in the best of moods for a long time she'd had the urge to help anyone she could any way she could, she couldn't help it. walking up next to him she asked "hey, you all right?"<p>

the guy was startled by her and jumped near out of his skin and hid behind a tree "it's all right she assured hi, i'm not gonna hurt you" she said in a sweet tone. his brown hair covering most of his face moved slightly from behind the tree, just enough to see one vibrant emerald orb that was his eye.

she was entranced by the sheer depth of his green eye only to be snapped out of it as he barked "i'm fine, leave me alone"

she was off put but if he was from berk then such an attitude would be understandable, most of the men there scorned being coddled by a woman but she didn't recognize him, and while it was true that she didn't know everyone in berk if she had seen someone with such stunning eyes she would remember but then again his eyes were hiding behind his hair so maybe he wore it like that all the time. "oh come now, don't be like that" she cooed trying to to get the guy with the big green eyes to open up.

"just go away" he groaned throwing up more bile and spasmodically doubling back over against the tree.

"seriously?" she scoffed at him, "you look terrible come on" she pleaded

"i don't need your pity" he spat venomously, there it was the hyper masculine dogma. for the love of Thor, what was it with men and their need to do everything on their own.

"fine, whatever" she mumbled under her breath as she began to walk away.

* * *

><p>harm felt his chest relax and his heartbeat slow as the woman walked away, of all the people who could have possibly stumbled upon him at that exact moment, why did it have to be her. luckily she hadn't recognized him otherwise this whole process would have been for nothing. but then just as things were getting back on track he began to see black spots before finally succumbing to darkness.<p>

[authors note: i know its been a long time but i had other things to do, but low and behold its back on. please let me know what you think, i really appreciate it.]

15. shelter

as harm began to regain consciousness he could feel something soft and warm under his arm, as his feet dragged along the ground he felt dazed but realized that he was being carried, but by who? he couldn't see much and what he could was blurry but something yellow that smelled of flowers was gently bouncing off of his face repeatedly, hair maybe? he couldn't think straight, his head was spinning but he began to push away from whatever or whoever was carrying him, wherever they were taking him he didn't want to go but his muscles were weak. despite his weakened state he soon found himself on the ground, apparently he had pushed whoever it was away from him and had fallen down.

As he began to pick himself up he felt a pair of hands on his shoulder and then an obscured voice say something that sounded like "don't get up". that settled it, he had been captured soon he would be tortured, interrogated and eventually executed but his body refused to stay down and he began fighting back against whoever it was shoving with all his might.

* * *

><p>for Thor's sake, this guy was more trouble than he was worth Astrid thought the first time that he had pushed her then when he fell he kept fighting and soon she found herself thrown five feet through the air and landing against a tree with a thud. then after that he began to get up "hey" she shouted at him "i told you not to move, you're sick, you could seriously get hurt" yeah right she thought to herself if anyone was in danger of getting hurt it was her. for a guy that was s clearly barely conscious he was insanely strong, what was with this mystery boy anyway?<p>

the guy tried to run a few steps but soon fell over unconscious, geez this guy was a real pain in the neck. as she picked him up and threw him over her shoulder she began to think how ridiculous it would look to carry the boy through the streets like this, so where could she take him like this. the only place she could think of was the last house on the eastern end of the village, it was a large isolated house next to the forest so she could sneak inn the back door and the occupant wouldn't mind and frankly she thought he could use the company. with a sigh she started walking, hopefully stoic would be okay with his new visitor

* * *

><p>when Astrid first showed up with a boy on her shoulder stoic thought about making a joke about her courting skills but he let the moment pass, he'd deal with that later but for now he would just let things play out. the boy was sick or so she had told him, he wasn't running a fever and he didn't look like there was anything wrong with him but stoic knew better than most that visible scars weren't the worst type. for now the boy could rest and stoic would do as he always did, he'd carry on like nothing was wrong, that's all he could do at this point.<p>

* * *

><p>hours passed and Sir Artorian had seen neither hide nor hair of his charge and as the sun set true to his orders he gave the command to set sail, Drago was not going to be pleased with this.<p>

[Author's Note: i just wanted to take a second to thank you all of all the support you have showed me since i have started writing on fanfiction back in may of last year. i've been through alot recently and having amazing readers like you guys on a forum where i can post my ideas openly and have great people support me, well it means alot so thank you so much]

16. waking up dead

stoic had watched the boy sleep all night long Astrid had fallen asleep by his bedside but as gentle rays of sunlight began to caress his face he began to stir from his slumber. the boy opened his eyes slowly as the light reached his face, looking down he saw a familiar mess of blonde curls, he put his hand on top of them and tussled the sun kissed locks with his palm only to have them spring to life to reveal not who he was expected. the dazed girl bolted upright the second he touched her hair and just sat there blankly for a few seconds before blinking away the sleep induced trance shaking her head vigorously. she looked down at the boy "so you're up." she stated

the boy raised an eyebrow at her "really, what was your first clue?" he asked mockingly.

"oh" she smirked "you weren't so tough face down in the forest" she taunted leaning over him in an imposing manner

"yeah" he scoffed "well i can see down your shirt" he retorted

Astrid immediately jumped backwards covering her chest with her arms and glaring daggers at him as he sat there with a confident smirk plastered on his face.

at this point a hearty laugh filled the room and Astrid saw the boy's head jerk in the direction of of the sound then visibly tense for a second before relaxing "and who are may i ask" the boy said politely, almost eerily so Astrid thought that it sounded forced

"stoic the vast" he replied but "i'm from around here, everyone knows me, the question is who are you?"

"Ornstein" the boy replied "but everyone calls me Orn" he said with a warm smile but something about it felt off to Astrid, like there was some venom hidden beneath it like he was wearing a mask, maybe she was just reading too much into it or maybe it was just her brain still waking up.

"well Orn, what can you do?" stoic asked

"well i'm a blacksmith by trade but an adventurer at heart" he said

nonchalantly.

"well, were in luck then, our blacksmith was injured recently and we could use someone to run the forge" stoic said. "Astrid be a dear and show him to Gobber's shop, would you"

Astrid nodded and stood up "hurry up, i'll be outside" she said before leaving.

stoic watched the boy get up "theirs a change of clothes in the dresser" stoic informed him.

"thank you, you've been very kind" the boy replied

"one more thing" stoic added stopping in the door "i don't know who you are or where you come from, but you have nothing to fear from me, i lost my will to fight a long time ago" he said closing the door behind him.

harm was left to his thoughts as he dressed as they wandered he began to wonder what his life would be like if he had never been exiled. would he have grown up to be a normal viking, taken a wife by now, have a few prosthetic limbs of his own and have to fight for his life every day surrounded by ignorance. on second thought he'd rather take his island.

as he exited the house he found Astrid waiting outside to show him to the forge "follow" she said walking into the town.

after a few seconds she turned to him and asked "why did you mess with my hair"

the boy cocked his head to the side and said with a sigh "i thought you were someone else, i was hoping that it was all just a dream"

* * *

><p>Cammie watched with anticipation as harm's ship pulled into the harbor, every second was agonizing but once it was there, she wished it was still out to sea. with a simple shake of his head sir Artorian said it all. she always thought that not knowing was the worst part but now she knew that knowing was far worse, when she didn't know she could still hope, pretend that everything was alright but now, now she had been disillusioned, now she had nothing left. Cammie was strong, stronger than most people, she had survived the island but with a simple shake of his head Sir Artorian had killed her, inside she was dead just a wandering husk, her body just didn't know it yet.<p>

17. monsters in the darkness

dark, it was so dark, and with the dark came the cold. for days now she had not moved, not slept, she couldn't for every time she closed her eyes thoughts of him tantalized her and it was bliss but she knew she would have to wake, to face reality and that heartache was more than she could bear. there was a knock at the door, again she knew who it was but didn't answer, the turning of the knob followed by the near silent creaking of the hinges meant she had let herself in "hello" mercy stated from the door.

no answer, just like every day before, she didn't even turn to acknowledge her presence but today something would change with two words. the girl without turning her head and with no emotion in her voice said "he's gone".

mercy walked over to stand behind the girl "i know"

"i'm stupid" the girl stated bitterly

"no, you're not, you're just hurting it's normal" mercy consoled

"not that, i don't want to believe it but i know it's true, no point in denying it" she said with self loathing

"everyone goes through pain in their own way" mercy rationalized

"i never even told him" Cammi replied with a single tear rolling down her cheek

"i know" mercy said

"i loved him so much it hurt, i knew i couldn't have him but i couldn't help myself" Cammi said as more and more tears dusted her cheeks

"i know" she said again

"i'm such an idiot" she said the tears now an unstoppable torrent

"wanna know what i think? i think he knew, and i think he felt the same about you but he was too afraid to say anything" mercy reasoned with her

"he wasn't afraid of anything" Cammi snapped bitterly

"not of anything he could see, if he could just put his hands on something he could figure out how it worked but things like feelings, i don't think he would've known what to do with them" she argued

* * *

><p>it had been three whole days of working the forge before he finally had a moment to reflect on his mission, tonight was the night tonight he would take stoic's ax and and then find a way off of this infernal island.<p>

as he sat sharpening a sword Astrid came into the shop "hey" she greeted

"hey yourself" he returned monotonously

"you got a minuet?" she asked

"i have many of them, what for i cannot say" he replied

"that so?" she asks

"it is" he answers promptly

"and why is that?" she says raising an eyebrow

"a gentleman never divulges his secrets" he says

"why not" she says clearly irritated

"so he does not have to lie about what it is he intends to do, there's an old proverb it goes something like ask me no questions i'll tell you no lies" he monologues with over exaggerated hand gestures

"well, you being a gentleman and all" she mocked, mind fixing this ax"

"whats wrong with it" he asked

"the balance is off, it used to be better but as i grew it unfortunately did not grow with me", she explained

"yes, i've heard axes have a rude habit of not doing that" he mocked
"too far forward or back" he asked

"forward, can hardly get a decent swing out of the thing" she answers

"very well, come back in an hour" he stated

"i've got nowhere else to be right now, i'll stay if its all the same to you" she replied

"suite yourself" he answered

harm, knew this ax better than he let on, he knew she had been reckless with it and the head had come loose some months ago but she just now brought it up because she thought she could fix it on her own. he knew that she hadn't had it sharpened for almost a year but had been having her fill of hitting trees with it. he knew that when she was younger she had taken out some of the stabilizing weights from the handle which is why it now felt off balance.

he knew all these things because it was his hands which had forged this ax especially for her hands and she had squandered a masterwork of a weapon. he had poured his heart and soul into making this weapon just for her but as they say no good deed goes unpunished.

as he began to disassemble the ax he found some unusual inscription, it was in an older style of runes most people didn't use anymore but he could just make it out it read "never forget 11.23." he turned to look at her "whats with the inscription" he queried.

"its a reminder" she said

"of what" he asked

"that actions have consequences" she said getting ticked off, obviously not a friendly subject

not getting the hint or simply moving past it anyway he pushed "so its

not a reminder, its penance. what did you do that was so egregious"
he asked

"whats that word mean" she said frustratedly

"malignant transgression"he quipped

"seriously talk normally will you"she barked at him

"your terrible crime that demands that you carry such a weight with you, what was it. tell me what are you seeking redemption for" he said smiling like the cat that ate the canary

she glares at him "shut up, now" she growled

"touchy touchy very well but even if you hide it from me you can't hide in the dark" he sighed, she would come to terms with it someday

"and what you would you know about the burdens" she scoffed "Mr. oh-i'm-a-blacksmith-no-i'm an-adventurer-no-no-one-can get-near-me-because-that-would-take-away-from-the-air-of-mystery"

"believe me you i carry my own weight" he says darkly

she could feel the pain in his voice see the agony in his eyes "what happened" she asked with wonder

"i can't tell you but know that with every victory comes failure, for every happiness there is an agony when it is taken away and for every person you hold dear there is a deep dark loneliness awaiting the day they decide to walk away from, and they all will walk away one day" he says before refocusing on the ax

"was it worth it" she asked

"i'm hoping it is" was his only reply

[Author's note: so i've been kicking around this idea for another story, its a legend of Korra story au where Mako and Bolin never met Korra, they never did pro bending. Mako joined the triad and Bolin lives the posh playboy life. so please tell me if that's something that you'd be interested in reading]

18. the folly of man

it was nearing the end of the day in berk and harm was closing up the smithy for the night when the bell on the door rung he turned to see who it was "sorry we're closed" he said. he saw a beefy looking dope standing inside the door.

"I say when you're closed" the meat head barked like he had the authority to order him around.

"and who are you" harm scoffed

"i'm Snotlout, chief of berk and you will address me as such, i came to inspect my new blacksmith" he said arrogantly

"Yeahhhh, not gonna happen" he deadpanned

"i'll cut that insolent tongue out of your mouth" Snotlout growled

harm smirked, "i'd like to see you try, hasn't anyone told you never to underestimate the strength of a blacksmith?"

"and didn't anyone tell you to never challenge your chief" he warned

"not my chief, i'm just passing through, be gone in a few days." harm taunted

"you can leave when i say you can leave" Snotlout growled

"i'd like to see you try and stop me" harm scoffed

"i told you never to challenge me" Snotlout growled, deeper this time, less restrained

"no you told me never to challenge my chief, you aren't so i will" harm said still undeterred

Snotlout drew his ax, "your head will serve as a reminder why berk belongs to me"

* * *

><p>Astrid was going to walk Orn home when she heard a massive crashing sound come from the smithy followed by screaming and a man being thrown through the air. Astrid ran to check on Orn to see if he was alright but to her surprise Orn wasn't the person thrown from the smithy. it was Snotlout, he was dazed and struggling to get to his feet that's when she heard the doors of the smithy swing open, she looked to see harm standing there. her mind was having trouble comprehending what exactly she was seeing harm was much smaller than Snotlout but Snotlout had been thrown from the smithy and only Orn appeared to be inside. was Orn that much stronger than he looked.<p>

Snotlout finally got to his feet and and yelled "YOU DARE ATTACK YOUR CHIEF"

"once again, not my chief" Orn mocked further infuriating Snotlout who charged at him wildly swinging his ax

Orn shuffled his feet backward making every blow fall wide before ducking under a swing and going behind him where Snotlout lost sight of him. Snotlout turned and swung at the first thing he saw, Astrid watched in horror and shock as she found the ax barreling towards her she closed her eyes waiting for the end when she heard a primordial scream like a dying animal. she opened her eyes to see the chief of berk on the ground desperately crawling away from a figure standing over him, that's when she noticed the blood, Snotlout's leg was sliced open from knee to ankle and standing over him was the blood splattered form of Orn, his eyes looked inhuman like a mouse playing with his food. "ORN" she yelled "that's enough". he sighed and slipped the knife into his boot before turning to walk back into the smithy "where are you going" she asked worried

"have to finish closing up shop" he said flatly before disappearing from sight

* * *

><p>enough, enough crying, enough self pity, enough with the looks, enough with the whispers, just enough. Cammi decided enough was enough berk had taken the one thing she actually cared about from her and she was going to berk and she was going to burn that place to the ground, she would tell no one where she was going and most of all she would never return, there was nothing left for her here anyway.<p>

19. tiny little drops

as Orn walked back to the home of stoic the vast Astrid silently tailed him, she knew something was off about him before but now it was outright messed up. as he stopped outside the house he shouted out "if you have something to say then i suggest you say it".

stepping out of the shadows she walked about ten steps from him "how did you know i was there" she asked "i didn't make a sound"

"i could hear you breathing" he said flatly

"from that far away?" she asked accusingly

"yes" he deadpanned

"why didn't you say something before" she asked

"i was giving you a chance to just forget it and go home" he sighed

"and why would i do that" she asked

with a look over his shoulder at her he answered "because once you ask the questions you may not like the answers i give you"

"and why would you think that" she asked

"people love to be ignorant, stops them from having to face reality, you are no different i should think" he said turning to face her fully

"i'm not exactly normal" she pointed out

"neither am i" he laughed at her

"who, no what are you exactly" she questioned

"someone who knows pain on a level most people can't even imagine" he said darkly

"that doesn't answer my question" she responded

"too bad, it's the only answer your getting" he mocked

"i could force it out of you" Astrid threatened

"you could try, but you've seen my strength," he mocked "i don't think you'll like how that turns out"

"why do i feel like you can see right through me?" she said with concern

"because i can, it's an old and long forgotten technique, but to those that know how to listen, hatred can be seen, misery can be weighed, envy can be smelled, and one can even weigh sorrow, but i don't expect you to know how to do that like i said its an old fashioned thing" he replied looking blankly past her

"seems like if anywhere, berk is the one place such things could survive" she posed to him

"it is... unique i'll give you that, in all my travels it's rare to come across such a place" was his answer

"where do you come from"

"originally i was born on an island like this one, very much like it infact, nearly identical even"

"what happened, why did you leave" she asked with a lump in her throat almost afraid of the answer

"one thing you'll find when you finally work up the courage to leave your little sheltered life here on this island is that its amazing how no matter how strong you are or how many people you can beat, the walk of life will take you to your knees without so much as a fight, eventually you just lose the strength to carry on and once you lose that you lose everything. i lost everything friends, family, my home and eventually even hope, but then something astounding happened for all the things i had lost i had found the one thing i didn't even know i didn't have but needed so badly, i found that i was free."

"that doesn't make any sense" she said frustrated

"i don't suspect it would to someone like you but theirs one thing you have to understand, and that is that theirs a certain freedom in hopelessness, things can never get one hundred and one percent fucked, after a certain amount the terrible things that happen to you don't seem to matter anymore. when that happens you can live your life without regret, without fear you can tell the gods to do their worst because you've already done yours." he responded

"i still don't get it, if what your saying is true then miserable people are the happiest people, i just cant wrap my head around that." she said

"that's fine, i don't expect you to get it, but trust me one day you will find yourself at the crossroads of fate without really knowing why. when you do it will bring into question everything you've ever known and when that happens you will understand perfectly" he explained

"i thought you we're a blacksmith not a fortune teller" Astrid scoffed

"i am many things but mostly just complicated" he laughed

"you can say that again" she mused

"or i could walk inside and go to bed leaving you with your thoughts" he said turning and closing the door behind him.

* * *

><p>the wind in her hair felt amazing, she always loved flying but now it felt even better. maybe it was because it felt like everything was being washed off of her, maybe it's because she knew she would never return or maybe it was because this might be the last time she'd ever be able to do it, odds are that someone in berk would be able to get in a lucky shot and she'd be cut down in battle. she looked down at firefly, he seemed anxious and she couldn't blame him, to be honest so was she but as she saw dim lights on the horizon she knew it was too late to go back now, not that she would if she could, she needed this.<p>

20. memories

as harm walked through the door stoic was sitting by the fireplace "evening" he said hanging his jacket on a hook next to the door.

"evening" the giant man replied

"i'm surprised your still up" harm mused aloud

"yeah, well" stoic replied getting up

"what is it" harm asked

"we need to talk" he said firmly

"i figured this was coming" harm sighed

"alright then i wont beat around the bush, who are you really" he asked

"that's... complicated" harm replied

"i gathered that much" stoic said not letting up

"why don't we start with what you know" harm said

"no, i don't think so, you're a clever lad if i do that i have the feeling that you'll talk your way out of it" stoic said flatly

harm sighed" fine as you wish, the truth is i was branded a traitor by the village i thought would protect me"

"i understand, its hard being betrayed by those who accept you" the large man sympathized

"no, not accept, never accept but i'd say... tolerate." harm laughed darkly

"must have been rough." stoic offered

"more than you'll ever know" harm joked

"what is your name" stoic asked

"names are pretty but useless, what i call myself doesn't matter, it doesn't change who i am" harm deflected

"fine, why did you come here" stoic said dropping the issue

"i don't really know, i thought i did but once i got here things got... complicated" harm said thoughtfully

"why don't you want me to know these things" stoic asked harshly

harm paused for a moment before saying "trust me, its better this way, if things stay as they are when i leave no one will miss me. as it is i can move in and out of places just another face in the crowd, someone no one knew existed and wont miss when hes gone. . when i was but a boy my father was gone most of the time and when he was there he looked at me with disdain but one time he told me why he was always gone he said "a rolling stone gathers no moss" at the time i didn't know what that meant but as i grew. a man who travels never puts down roots, i used to think that was a bad thing but roots just tie you down, a stone needs no moss. no one will even know i'll be nothing more than a fleeting memory and that makes it easier for everyone"

"that's not true, i'll know" stoic said

"you think that but people are easily forgotten in time" harm said darkly

"sounds like you've had a hard life" stoic offered

"maybe" he laughed "but hey at least i'm alive many have died much younger than me."

"what happened to you that made you so hard inside, old men like me have seen things worse things than most can imagine but someone of your age shouldn't have had to deal with those things." stoic empathized

"maybe but i think its just the opposite i've been hurt so i know how to be kind so others don't have to suffer as i did, i'm damaged and become wiser so that others can stay whole, i know the depths of hatred so i've learned how to truly care about things, and i'm a fighter so i've learned what's worth fighting for and i 'll fight so others don't have to." harm explained

"sounds like we need more men like you in the world" stoic mused darkly

"i don't think the world could handle more than one of me" harm joked

"ya know, i had a son once but in my own conceit i refused to listen and because of that he is dead but i think if he had lived he would have grown up to be a lot like you, he had a kind soul and he carried his own light as he braved the darkness, he was clever and i loved him to much" stoic said

"what happened" harm said, feeling his throat dry as the story went on

"one day i had to make a choice between him and the village, i chose wrong." he replied

"we've all lost people along the way" harm said trying to get this torture to stop

"i didn't lose him, i cast him away, it was the worst decision i've ever made. i swore to his mother i'd keep him safe and i didn't, if i'd been half the man you are maybe i'd have made the right choice, maybe i'd have stood by him no matter what. but you have to make mistakes to learn, no man lives without regret, i still talk to him from time to time to his grave anyway, i hope he's listening but i couldn't blame him if he didn't. he had a strength that no one could replicate not in his body but you could feel it the second he walked into a room, he had a powerful soul, the soul of a dragon." stoic said with a sense of pride and sorrow

harm needed to leave now, he had to find some excuse, he couldn't see this he couldn't see stoic as a person, he had always thought of him as a monster and that couldn't change now. and as luck would have it, there was one blond headed fire breathing distraction on the way as he spoke, and he didn't mean firefly.

[Authors note: finally, the part you've been waiting for, the juicy bits, check back Thursday to see how it all plays out.]

21. truth

Cammie was just above berk and now was the time. she reached down and patted firefly on the head "down boy, rain fire on them" she said, he squawked in response before going into a nosedive and spouting magnesium fire onto the buildings.

when he got low enough Cammie decided to jump off of his back and landing on top of a large man. raising her ax overhead she yelled "die" but before she could deal the killing blow she was tackled off of him and knocked to the ground her ax sent flying out of her hand, she scrambled to her feet to see her opponent, it was a girl not unlike herself, curly blonde hair but the most of it was pulled back into a braid. she let out a primordial scream and charged the girl pulling the knife from her belt but only managed to graze her leaving a cut on her cheek before the girl picked her up and slammed her into the ground on her spine. Cammie gasped in pain as the girl recoiled nursing the gash on her face.

the girl looked at the blood on her hand and grew angrier and drew her ax, brandishing it overhead and swung straight down upon Cammie, Cammie closed her eyes and prayed for a miracle. fortunately for her just such a miracle came but in a way she did not expect, she heard

the clashing of metal followed by a woman shouting "WHAT ARE YOU DOING".

Cammie opened her eyes and looked up seeing a figure standing between her and her assailant holding up a sword that was locked with her ax, she could not see a face, only the shadow of it's back. the figure kicked the girl in the stomach sending her flying "WHATS WRONG WITH YOU" the girl yelled. the figure did not answer "I TRUSTED YOU" the girl yelled distraught

this time the phantom answered "you shouldn't have"

Cammie knew that voice, there was no mistaking it "harm, you're alive"

"HARM" the girl yelled "you're the monster that plagued my dreams" she said recoiling with fear.

harm back stepped picking up another sword off the ground that had been sent asunder when the smithy had been set alight and took up a fighting stance as more of berk's warriors began to show up surrounding them. Snot-out showed up still nursing his wounded leg and shouted "KILL THE OUTSIDER"

as berk's fighters began to close ranks one towering figure stood above the rest as he pushed his way past the rest of them. stoic the vast, unseen by the village until now moved through the crowd and stepped into the center of the circle "so this is how it ends" asked stoic looking down harm "you're the monster in the night, is that it?"

no" harm replied this is not how it ends, not here not now this is but the beginning of something much bigger

"no, this ends today, i will take up my ax one more time and you shall be the last man i must kill" stoic said living up to his name

"what makes you think it'll work this time" the boy mocked, begging an explanation

"this time? have i tried to kill you before, that would explain a lot?" stoic said racking his brain for answers

"you did, a long time ago, and you failed" the boy said darkly

"i don't recognize you, you weren't a man yet at the time and i would never kill a child" stoic replied offended

harm burst out laughing darkly "now we both know that's not true, you proved that all those years ago when you sent me adrift in a storm"

"a storm?" he asked before visibly recoiling as though the words had been made of stone "are you?" he asked too afraid to finish the question

a small nod was harm's response stoic fell back on the ground as his legs gave way underneath him. the village was in murmurs as watched in shock. it was Astrid who said something aloud first "hiccup?" she

confirmed his answer was too put his fingers to his lips and let out a high pitched whistle. immediately a dragons screech could be heard in response before the strange boy who had lived among them all those years ago and then again recently jumped off a cliff followed by a short blonde headed girl.

there was no mistaking it now, Orn, Harm, Hiccup, they were all one and the same, a vengeful spirit that had every right to see berk burn to the ground, no one could have mastered a dragon, no one else could think his way out of a fight, no one else could be so fearless. as the rest of the village sprung into action to put out the remaining fires as the dragon headed towards the rising sun, only two remained a blonde girl and a giant of a man, one who had the strength of mountains had crumbled to the boy who could fly and she who crossed the seas countless time found herself adrift, lost and powerless just like he had been that day all those years ago.

22. my heart bleeds for thee

as Cammie and harm flew away into the night she held onto him tight, tighter than she needed to burying her face in his back taking closing her eyes and taking in his scent. the smell of ash seeped wool interwoven with the smell of molten iron and freshly baked bread bread filled her nose as she nuzzled closer to him, arms wrapped around his torso. she missed this and for a time she was sure she'd never get to do this again, she thought her last ride would be the best but it didn't compare to this.

she knew when they landed there would be questions and she might not like the answers but for now she was content to savor the moment. he was back and it was them against the world, and for now that was enough for her.

* * *

><p>drago was preparing his forces, with harm's mission botched the people of berk would no doubt know of the impending attack, time was of the essence. every ship, dragon and warrior would be ready to move anytime, and it could not happen soon enough. sir artorian took care of the preparations while he readied himself for battle, the end was neigh for berk and he would be the harbinger of it's destruction.<p>

* * *

><p>berk had too many problems as it was, not enough warriors, not enough food, no blacksmith, and now the monster known as harm was upon there shores and he was an agent of drago bloodfist so his armies would not be far behind, the needed to act fast and prepare for war.<p>

* * *

><p>astrid was torn on one hand was harm, a demon disguised in a man's skin fighting like a hell hound and able to master dragons and bend them to his will. on another was orn the boy she had grown fond of, had felt kinship and even pity for, the one she could relate to when others would not understand. and then finally there was hiccup, the boy she had killed because she was too afraid to accept people

who were different and now each and every one of them were the same person, some of them were dead others were never born in the first place, whatever part of him was real one thing was sure, whoever he really was he was out for blood.<p>

* * *

><p>stoic, was broken to think that after all these years he had kept up hope of some form of redemption but now he knew that was impossible so stoic would do as he had always done, what was nessicary even if that meant killing his son, again.<p>

[Author's note: this one is shorter and it will be about a week and a half before i upload the next one, sorry but moving into a new house sooo... yeah. also thank you guys for the continued support]

23. infinite possibility

berk was still burning and there were many things to attend, no time for grieving, no time for dealing with pain, there was too much to do and choices had to be made and preparations must get underway as berk would soon have visitors, how they could prepare for an unknown threat they didn't know but they had to start somewhere. for the first time in seven years stotlout refused to make a decision, he completely broke down and the duty of leadership fell to astrid, but luckily for her despite or perhaps because of their mysterious visitor he had somehow found the resolve to fight once more.

she was grateful for small miracles but it would take more than one man to change the outcome in the battle for survival and so they planned, and prepared for the end of days. if they could not win they would at least choose how spiteful their end would be, they would sing songs of this battle throughout the ages about how the valiant people of berk fought to the last man in one final act of defiance in the face of a tyrant, with this in mind they began pooling their resources and all through the night they worked even into the early hours of the morning, they would not be denied their glory.

* * *

><p>as the sun rose over berk after the most eventful night in recent memory many things were broken on the island of berk, many homes, many possessions and more than a few hearts but above all other things the most broken of things was the one thing that had caused all the other broken things to be so. harm, hiccup, orn, whatever he decided to call himself, he was broken, he had had a taste of what his life could have been like and he did not know what to do with it, he didn't know what it meant but more than that he didn't know who he was. was he hiccup the boy who had been a dreamer, was he harm the man who had become a monster but gained the strength of legends, or was he orn, a wanderer from the outside filling the hole that another's absence had created while despite his past trying to be a better person.<p>

what did it matter, he could choose what to call himself but on the inside he was a broken amalgamation of all these things, something that could never be whole no matter how desperately it yearned to. people are keen to say that the future is not written in stone, and

maybe that true, maybe so but perhaps it would be easier if it was because now he felt not like he was looking at a stone tablet but an elaborate illustration in the sand that the more he stared the more of it was washed away by the rising tide, as inexorable as the march of time and as persistent as the rising sun.

with a sigh harm laid down on a rock, basking in the warm sunlight of the morning air. it was at this point that cammie decided to make her presence known. "so.." she said cautiously "hell of a night, huh?"

the boy did not reply, simply continuing to watch the amber horizon as more of the sun came up over the water. cammie, the girl who always had something to say, was drawing a blank, she didn't know what to do, say or even think. she felt like she didn't even know the boy laying in front of her, not that he had changed but like she had seen the parts of him he'd tried so hard to keep a hidden since their first meeting. "what do i call you?" she asked "i know it seems like a stupid question but it matters, i want to remember what you say in this moment"

why he sighed before rolling over on his side turning his back to her

she walks over to his other side and looks him straight in the eyes and says "because right here, right now you have to choose WHO. YOU. ARE." she emphasizes "in this moment you decide who you are and what you want, it matters, so please, i need to know" she says, her voice growing more desperate with each word as she waited on baited breath for his answer.

[authors note: so this came out earlier than expected as i actually found time to sit down and write it now here's the kicker, this just became divergent story and i'm going to write all three endings and you can choose whichever one you like to believe. and before anyone says "which is the true ending?" out of technicality all of them, iv'e kind of created a Schrodinger's cat situation so until you yourself make a decision their is no ending an once you do you collapse all possible realities into one single reality, so the true ending is based on whatever decision YOU as the reader choose it to be. you can thank bioshock infinite for making my mind a convoluted mess for better or worse.]

24. only human

"i was hiccup, horrendous haddock the third, but in time that name no longer suited me, so i chose a new name for myself, i became harm and for a time that was who i became, but that name has outlived it's purpose, now i suppose you can call me orn."

alright, so what does that mean

it means that for all i care both berk and the bloodfists can rot in hell, i have no place in their war the only place i have is wherever the wind takes me, i am a wandering soul adrift in a sea but i seek no purpose i'll just weather the storm and see whats to come. the only question is you, what will you do find a place in their war or drift with me

cammie was overjoyed and on the brink of tears as she ran over to firefly and looked to him saying "lets get out of here, this place sucks anyway"

harm ran over and jumped on firefly's back and whispered to the dragon "follow the rising sun" and with that they were off.

as the wind blew through their hair they sought their own future far across the sea of ash where no one would know their names.

10 years later

it was a peaceful night in a small village where on the top of a hill sat a cottage. in this cottage lived a family, a man and his wife who were so madly in love, two children brother and sister as they all sat down for dinner.

"DAD, WE SAW A DRAGON TODAY" the boy exclaimed

"a dragon you say, now isn't that something" the father replied

"it had these massive wings, and it looked like a giant scaled chicken" the boy said empasizing with exuberant arm motions

"that so" the father mused

"yeah and it was so cool, it even came down and landed on top of the old church, it was amazing" the boy continued with wonder in his eyes

"it must have been quite firghtening" the mother chimed in a sing song voice

"it was at first, but it just looked at me and slept in the sunlight, it was so cool" he said zealously

"dragons don't exist" his sister chided

"yeah they do" the boy defended

"dad tell him dragons aren't real"

"can't do that" the dad laughed

"why not, it's filling his head with nonsense"

"iv'e got my reasons sweet heart now eat your peas" he said getting up from the table

as he washed his plate his wife came up behind him and wrapped her arms around him and whispered in his ear "you have to tell them one day"

"i'd prefer that they find the magic of this world for themselves" he said happily

"magic huh? i'll be upstairs, why don't you see if theirs any magic up their" she said waking away, he turned to see her swaying her hips seductively.

this was the life he had always wanted and he wouldn't trade it for anything

**[auhors note: ending one of three, the second will go up some time tomorrow and the third the day after that] **

25. monster

[WARNING: things get dark quickly]

he stood up, remembering his place in the world, the one he had forged with his own hands "my name is harm, i am the son of drago bloodfist and i will act accordingly, berk will burn for what it's done to me" he said before taking off into the forest leaving a heartborken girl sitting on the beach not knowing what to do.

for a moment she just sat there question life before abandoning the notion all together and taking off into the skies, never to look back she couldn't lose him again but she couldn't watch him kill the last piece of his soul even more. as she flew it felt like the soul had been drained from her body, and slowly but deliberately she let go of firefly's reigns and fell into the murky depths below. she did not resurface.

* * *

><p>harm prepared himself for the battle, he didn't know when it would be but it would be soon, he gathered herbs and roots to make poisons and minerals to grind into blasting powder. when that was done he began to seek out any scouting parties berk may have sent to capture or kill him but he found nothing, they must be making defensive preparation he thought.<p>

so he was content to wait, three days passed before harm saw his fathers standard flying in the distant horizon but he knew his time was now. berk had no doubt made preparations and he would see to it that they would be dealt with before his father was in range of them.

as the sun set he began to move towards berk, he found himself outside of a newly erected wall with guards protecting the gates, this would be too easy. he scaled a tree giving him a line of sight into what they had prepared. two trebuchets and several barriers had been emplaced that would funnel his soldiers towards areas where berks fighters held the advantage.

so much to do but so little time, with a grunt he flung himself from the tree and landed atop one of the gate guards and burying his knife in the mans neck before turning to slash the throat of the shocked guard next to him. step one complete gain access to berk step two, sabotage the barriers. he moved silently by rooftop as to avoid drawing attention to himself he did however capitalize on any man foolish enough to leave his back exposed, after about of ten minuets of throat cutting and sneaking he made it to the first barricade and with a few quick slashes cut most of the ropes holding it together so that one good kick would send it tumbling to the ground.

this did not however go unnoticed, as some of berks fighters had come around a corner at a very unfortunate time and gave chase to him as

he sprinted down an alley. he found himself at a dead end and turned to see them brandishing weapons, he drew his sword and prepared for battle. the first man rushed him but received a slash to the shoulder for his brashness, next two men came at him swinging wildly and he dogged most of their blows but not all of them he received a gash running the length of his forearm before kicking one of the men in the side of the knee crippling him and using the weight of the mans axe to bury it in the other mans chest.

the first man was not back to his feet but severely wounded and made to flee but harm could not let him, he had seen him and would warn the others but nor could harm raise his sword arm so with his off hand he gripped his sword before throwing it with all his might and piercing the man through the heart where he fell dead instantly. as he climbed one handedly to the roof his victims were not left unnoticed by a passing patrol of guards. they saw him and began to ready spears to throw at him but before they could harm reached into his belt and pulled out a green vile and tossed it at the men.

the glass vile shattered upon hitting a man leaving his face scared but unfortunately for him it would be the least of his troubles. when the vile shattered it released a poison mist that the found the guards soon convulsing on the ground as they drew their last breaths. but the damage had been done, he had been found and it was only a matter of time until these bodies were discovered so he had to move quickly the barricades would have to be dealt with later.

he jumped from roof to roof slowly making his way closer to the trebuchets, his good arm spent when he was within range he used his off hand to toss an explosive vile at the side of the trubuchet sending it's operators to the ground buried beneath of the weapon they had sought to use. if they didn't know he was here before they surly did now, as hoards of berks strongest fighters rushed to the scene weapons in hand.

* * *

><p>Drago saw the fire in the distance from his flagship and he could think of only one thing, his son had not perished, and would always be their, it filled him with pride to have trained such a devout warrior and he told his men to make the greatest speed towards berk, the time was now.<p>

* * *

><p>Astrid saw the fires and rushed to put them out but even more so to find the cause of them, it didn't take long to see the bloody form of harm as the embers cast his shadow across the center of the battlements. "HAARRRMM" she screamed charging at him with her axe, he ducked under it as she swung and ran past her towards the other trebuchet.<p>

"come back and fight me coward" she yelled as he began to ready his next grenade. she saw what he was doing and threw her axe at him, it clipped his arm causinng his grenade to fall short of it's target leaving it mostly undamaged.

harm's other arm was now rent as well, he could not throw another bomb so he would have to do this the hard way. he ran towards the trebuchet as berks fighters tried to close ranks on him but to no

avail as he hurdled over them but his maneuver was not unpunished as he caught the edge of a spear to his side. he was bleeding badly but would not be deterred, he pressed forward receiving multiple spears embedded into his back but he just kept going.

the warriors of berk were in awe of the conviction of this man as he took mortal blows repeatedly and did not falter, questions plagued their minds. was he mortal? could he be killed? what was he? why was he so committed even in the face of certain death?

when he reached the trebuchet the crew had already bailed from the war machine, he threw his shoulder against it and pushed shaking it to it's foundation before it finally came apart and came crashing to the ground. he turned around and with his limp arm through sheer force of will he picked up a sword and placed it into his mouth.

gritting his teeth the sword remained firmly placed as he stared down the fighters of berk, then he began to move towards them slowly at first then into a slow jogs with spears still sticking out of his back until he was running towards them. stoic the vast stood in front of the crowd, axe at the ready and pulled back to swing but it never connected as harm jumped towards him turning his head to the side and burying the sword in his mouth into his heart. the giant man stood still as though frozen in time until harm pushed off of him, drawing the sword from his chest with his retreat and stoic fell to the ground in a pool of blood.

* * *

><p>drago's ships entered the harbor unopposed and he quickly hopped off onto the pier and into the unguarded village of berk. artorian followed closely behind drago with mercy in tow, they met minimal resistance as they moved towards the burning structure of the trebuchets that acted as beacons in the night.<p>

* * *

><p>astrid stood frozen in place as harm walked past stoic with the eyes of a demon trained on her. fear had taken root in her heart, her blood bid her to run but her body would not respond, as she recoiled in terror his body began to fall before he finally came to rest face down on the ground, sword still in mouth. "is he dead?" one of the men asked<p>

"go check" another man responded

"are you kidding i'm not going anywhere near that thing" the first man said

they never did check whether he was dead or not, they never had time too for though he had died in a glorious spectacle of violence and blood he had fulfilled his purpose for unbeknownst to them drago bloodfist's soldiers were already within the walls of berk. the battle, if you could even call it that did not take long, within the hour everyone in berk lie dead or in chains, one last act of defiance from the monster that had both started and ended the destruction of berk.

* * *

><p>five years later<p>

drago walked through the streets of what had once been known as berk with a young girl at his side. he did this every morning and she had never known why so today she would change that "father, why do you come here every morning?" she asked

he did not answer for a moment but then picked her up and set her on his shoulders "do you see that?" he asked pointing to the hill upon which the house of stoic the vast had once stood.

the little girl squinted her eyes and blocked out the sun with her hand, she could make out the form of a man, but he seemed too large to be normal "what is it?" she asked

"that, my dear is what a conqueror looks like" he said nostalgically with slight tears welling up in his eyes

"whats wrong with him?" she asked

"nothing dear, its a monument" he said with a sad chuckle

"whats that?"she said

"its a statue made to look like someone" he explained

"why?"she said confused

"so that we never forget those that came before us, those that gave everything for honor and glory, it is something everyone can look to and aspire to be?

"like a hero?" she asked

"hero?" he scoffed "nothing like it, no hero can match the strength of that man for heroes live and die but legends are eternal. they say that a person dies twice, once when their body perishes and again when they are forgotten, it's an old fashioned notion but even still me personally i think it might be true and this is to make sure that the legend never dies."

26. end of an era

this question plagued my mind, i never cared what people called me but now what my name meant more than anything ever had but why, why did it matter so much. i watched the rising sun motionless for about ten minuets, who was i really, i recalled the scent of the sea coming from the waves crashing off the rocks by the port. why did it matter, never before had i been just, accepted, for who i was, i had always needed to carve out a place in the world for myself but here it had been different.

"even a lifetime later i can't run from who i am, my name i hiccup horrendous haddock the third, son of stoic the vast, chief of berk. i was born here, this is where i was meant to be." he said. she looked on in awe as the sun kissed his face while the wind gently whipped at his hair, how can one person have so much compassion, why did he care so much about these people for thor's sake THEY HAD KILLED HIM. but

that was the part of him that she loved the most, the part that didn't judge, he didn't coddle either you were worth his time or you were not either way he just accepted you as you were, he could forgive even if he never forgot and it made him human and so much more.

"alright" she said with a sigh "well, it's been fun but i gotta get while the gettings good"

"you don't have to leave" hiccup stated

"maybe but i should, you found where you belong now it's my turn maybe our paths will cross again but my place isn't here" she says walking past him towards firefly "if you survive this look me up sometime" she said giving him a quick peck on the cheek before chasing that wild blue yonder

"with a smirk hiccup turned and went to the one place where he could find someone he could talk to. as he entered the rock outcropping that led by the waterfall he didn't know what to expect but it wasn't this. he saw the man who had raised him sitting on a rock, appearing utterly at peace while a young nightfury frolicking about chasing fireflies.

he walked slowly up behind him and stood there silently for what seemed like hours just waiting for the right thing to say to come to mind but it didn't, so he just stood their. hours passed and nothing came to him until stoic finally spoke, "you going to stand their forever or did you come here for a reason." he asked without turning around

"how long have you known i was standing here?" hiccup asked

"i knew you'd be here before you did" the giant man replied

"how's that" he mused

"a man gets a look in his eyes, when he reaches a crossroads, a look that says it all, everything he wants everything he needs all the things that make him human. it defines who he is, what he could do, what he could become and in your eyes i saw that you were a monster" the man said in a method true to his name

"then why did you think i would come" he asked

"i didn't think, i knew. i knew it because while i could see you were a monster i could also see that you didn't want to be. it was my fault you became like this" he said in remorse

"yes, it was. what were you thinking that day, when you sent me out on that boat" hiccup said angrily

"that i had just made the biggest mistake of my life, i had promised your mother that i would always protect you and i couldn't even protect you from myself." stoic replied

"then why did you do it" he asked

"i was afraid, of what it all meant, you challenged every thing i had ever known and i was afraid, i just felt so... powerless. i won't ask

you to forgive me, i don't deserve it but i want you to know that if you want it to be berk can be your home" stoic pleaded

"i don't even know what that means, it's been so long that words like "home" and "community" have lost their meaning" a jaded hiccup replied

"then blame me for that, if you chose to hate me for the rest of your days, i'll understand but it was my fault, not berk's" stoic said

"i don't hate you. i never hated you and that's what made it so hard, the people i loved cast me away like i carried a plague, it was a worse pain than any i've known" hiccup replied

"how can you not hate me, i literally killed you, my own son."

"i was raised better than that, i don't hate anyone, you can hate a nation or a group but hating an individual person? no, everyone has flaws and until i have none i won't judge anyone else for theirs" the boy replied

"so what are you going to do" stoic asked

"what i've always been good at, i'm gonna think my way out of it" hiccup asked

with a smile and a dry laugh stoic replied "that's the hiccup i know"

"somethings never change" hiccup scoffed

"where to start" stoic wondered aloud

"dragos coming, i just need to convince him not to" hiccup stated as though it was the obvious thing

"how do you plan to do that, hes a madman he won't listen to reason" stoic protested

"maybe i didn't plan on asking" hiccup smirked

"then how" he said incredulously

"you leave that to me" he said walking off into the forest

* * *

><p>astrid was at a loss, berk was undefendable from an fullscale invasion, at this point it wasn't about weather they would be destroyed it was about how spiteful their end would be. as she sat in the great hall making plans about how best to maximize casualties to dragos forces in walked stoic the vast "where have you been" she asked angrily<p>

"i had a meeting"

a meeting with who? "wait, you talked to him didn't you"

"i did"

"by the way you're here i'm assuming he's..."

"alive and well"

"what? how did you get away from him"

"i didn't"

b"ut you said"

"i know what i said, we didn't fight, didn't yell, we just talked"

"talked? he's our enemy"

"not as much as you might think"

she stood in shock for a moment pondering what that meant before she came to a realization "you mean he's not"

"no"

"and he's going to"

"yes"

"but how"

stoic chuckled at her "when it comes to that boy, some things are better left unanswered"

astrid's legs collapsed and she hit her head on the table before scrambling to her feet when stoic said "he's really something else that boy of ours"

"yeah", astrid replied still in disbelief, but what that is we'll have to wait and see"

* * *

><p>hiccup wandered through the forest with the sinking suspicion that someone was following him. he whipped around to check but nothing so he continued on, a few minuets later he could feel the same presence again and again turned to find himself alone. what was this person following him for? he would just have to wait and see<p>

as he reached the edge of the forest he found himself on the calm shores of berk's southern coast. he took off his shoes still with the eerie feeling of being watched but whatever it was seemed content to watch from a distance so he would give them a show. he walked over to the water allowing it to rise up to his knees and closed his eyes. after a few moments the water around him began to stir as fins began to rise out of the water but they dissipated for they were not the one being called and they knew this.

* * *

><p>astrid sat in abject shock as she watched hiccup summon dragons from the depths only for them to disappear whence they came, was his

plan not working? what was his plan to begin with? and why did he look like something that did not belong in this world? in truth he looked more like he belonged in Asgard than berk, a transcendent being that even such beasts recognize as greater than themselves.<p>

* * *

><p>harm stand motionless for two days oblivious to the world around him as the waters remain calm until on the sunset of the second day the waters tension finally broke. slowly at first just ripples in the pond, then gradually it began to fluctuate, astrid had long since left but hiccup still felt like he was being watched but paid it no mind. the water finally broke, with a single spike emerging from beneath from its murky depths but it was finally happening, soon in front of him stood an ancient and powerful being.<p>

it was a relic of a bygone age, the form of an old god given new life through purpose, it came not to save berk nor protect him but seeking an ally worthy of it's strength. harm stood looking it in the eye, a thing of legend that was beyond this world but he was bound to it as it was to him.

this was the closest he had ever been to it, no matter how long he had been there before it had never seen him worthy of it's presence. how long had he waited for this moment? since he had first discovered the everfalls chasm he had dreamed of this day and now it was here, they stood as equals.

* * *

><p>it was the nearing the end of the third day in berk and dragos ships were on the horizon and hiccup had not been seen since astrid had left the first day. she went to check on the man who would be their ally but when she arrived he was gone, she couldn't say she blamed him, berk had after all decided to kill him it was well within his rights to leave it to rot. with a sigh she turned and left to return to berk.<p>

* * *

><p>drago's forces were nearing berks port when the water froze his ships in place<p>

what was that he shouted running to the edge of the ship only to find it made static by a chunk of ice enveloping it.

"what could have done this?" artorian asked worriedly

"only one thing i know of" drago said in a still shock

as if on que it showed itself the bewilder beast drago said as though in disbelief but what shook him was what or rather who, was standing upon it's head as it rose out of the water

"HARM" he yelled in a rage "YOU TRAITOR, I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD" he proclaimed pulling out his spear and swinging it around making dragon calls bidding the bewilder beast to heed his command. in response the bewilder beast just let out a small sigh, freezing the man in place with a thick layer of frost "why isn't it working"

"someone like you, who only sees others as tools could never stand equal to the spirit of an old god" hiccup replied

"and i'm to believe that a child like you could" he snarled

"i'm no child, my name is hiccup horrendous haddock the third and berk is my home, only those who care enough about those they wish to protect could ever be worthy of the bewilder beast's strength" hiccup quipped

"YOU DAREST DEFY ME?" drago replied cracking the ice around him and throwing his spear aimed for hiccups heart. but it never reached, the very presence of the bewilder beast sent it asunder

"someone like you, a cursed and wretched soul consumed by hatred could never know what it means to care about someone more than yourself, this is why you can never match my strength" hiccup said with a pronounced note of arrogance

"LIES" he screamed running to charge the bewilder beast but as he did he was knocked to the floor by a purple blast of lightning and fire. hiccup looked over to the side of the bewilder beast to find that they had at some point picked up a tag along, it was the baby nightfury from his grotto.

hiccup smirked walking over to it "and what are you doing her little bud" he said in a voice that displayed his once childlike innocence

"ARTORIAN, MERCY GET HIM he yelled but they remained in place TRAITORS THE LOT OF YOU"

"not so much, their just waiting" hiccup mused

"waiting for what" drago said entertaining the thought

"to see which of us is worthy of leading" hiccup replied flatly

"I AM THE LEADER" he roared

"then prove it" he said jumping from his ally's head to the deck of the ship. drago was stunned by his actions but none the less drew his sword as hiccup followed suit. they paced in circles around each other for a moment, no move betraying any weakness. when drago rushed forward he swung wildly only to be parried and countered as harm kicked him in the side.

more cautiously he took a second sword from one of his raiders so as to wield one in each hand he swung again, more viciously, hiccup jumped over him leaving a parting shot on his cheek before landing behind him. drago responded by turning to swing with both sword which harm blocked behind his back before sweeping the feet from his opponent knocking the swords from his hands.

when drago hit the ground one of sword clattered to the ships deck infront of him, he madly scrambled towards it but he was not quick enough. hiccup had caught his other sword in the air and jumped over drago to land between him and the sword, one sword aimed at drago the other pinning the sword to the deck.

"you've won, do as you will" drago said defeated

hiccup just stood there for a moment before he turned to walk away

"you're not going to kill me?" drago asked surprised

"no, just leave" hiccup said coldly

"how kind of you" drago said resentfully getting to his feet but not to smart he said as he drew a dagger from his sleeve and rushed at hiccup. hiccup never saw it coming, fortunately for him however a particular infant dragon did and the next thing that was seen on the ship was drago being thrown overboard and landing face first in the ice surrounding the ship.

"what about you" hiccup asked turning to artorian and mercy

"i don't need your pity" artorian said before giving the order to turn the ship around.

mercy came over to him and leaned down, whispering to him "i'm glad you found a place you belong, so is he even if he won't say it" she said motioning to artorian "stay safe, write often, and find yourself a nice girl" she said before giving him a hug and turning to get the ship ready to leave

"mercy" he said stopping her in her tracks

"yes" she asked turning around

"thanks, he paused for everything"

"don't thank me, my life would've been boring if you hadn't been there causing trouble all the time"

"i'll miss you"

"don't worry i'll be sure to visit from time to time"

"i'd like that"

well hiccup of berk she said standing up straight and putting her hands on her hips see ya around. with that hiccup turned to leave. as he climbed atop the bewilder beast the ice began to melt from around the ships and soon they were gone, but they did forget one thing, or maybe they didn't forget, but drago bloodfist never did make it back on that ship.

* * *

><p>the celebration in berk lasted for almost a full month, hiccup was there and he could fill the hole that had been left in berk all those years ago. where he went from here didn't matter, what mattered was that now this tired dragon finally had a place to rest his wings and that's what it all means, he could have had anything he wanted but he chose family and isn't that kinda the whole point? he didn't have to stay forever but he knew that when he grew tired he could always come back here, there would always be a place for

him<p>

**[author's note: and with that we say goodbye to hiccup and to berk, i promise there will be more to come from me in the future but it may be a minute, because you see blodborne's coming out and... yeah, sorry about that but i'm kinda obsessed. in summation i would just like to say i have enjoyed myself more than i could truly express with words on a keyboard so i just want to say thank you, thank you and goodnight. **

End
file.